

Section 1 - The Plan

*The scene opens to **Meiers**, **Bucks** and **Alfson** standing in a circle as in a pep talk. They are dressed in fancy suits. **Meiers**, the leader of the gang, gives a pep talk and runs through the plan of how to rob the Grand National Bank, the largest Bank in the Western Hemisphere.*

Meiers: All right, you lads remember the plan?

Alfson: Aye.

Bucks: Of course.

Meiers: Right let's run it through one more time better safe than sorry eh?

Some smooth and sneaky jazz begins playing.

Meiers: First, Bucks, you wrap 'round the back of the building to the nearby substation. There you plant the thermite powder and roast those power boxes to high hell. You got the powder?

Bucks: Naturally my dear Meiers.

***Bucks** holds out a small black bag.*

Meiers: Great. Next, I get a signal from Bucks once they've disabled power. Once I receive the signal, I plant this device on the generator, allowing us to cut power when we need it. Alfson, you've got yourself the hardest bit. You break into the bank manager's office through his window, there you'll find him doing his morning admin. Whack him across the head to incapacitate him, bind and gag him and stuff him in his closet. Take his keycard and upload your biometrics to the system. Then hop back out the window whence you came.

Alfson: Pop in, pop out, easy.

Meiers: After that we meet outside the building at the back by Bucks and climb the fire escape up to the roof. We climb through

the ventilation systems until we land right outside the vault, from there we use the keycard and the biometrics and cut the power with the device Bucks planted to prevent any alarms from going off. We take all the riches and valuables we can get our hands on before escaping back through the vents the way we came and hop into the escape van. And that, my friends, is how we carry out the greatest heist in history... Well, what are we waiting for?

*All heisters put on black ski masks and scatter offstage. Spy music stops. Enter **Halsund**, **Coverly**, **Marte** and **Kirsch**.*

Halsund: Right fellas, you know the plan?

All: Yup

Halsund: Great, let's go over it in case you knuckleheads forgot. We go in guns blazing, yell a bunch, take some hostages, find the vault and blow it open and reap our grand reward. Alright?

All: Right.

The four draw their guns, put on black ski masks and scatter. Fade to black.

Section 2 - The Bags

Meiers, **Alfson** and **Bucks** enter vault stage right. They all look chuffed with themselves and admire their surroundings in awe of the sheer scale of the vault. They take off their ski masks.

Meiers: Blimey this is the most money I've ever seen in my whole life...

Alfson: Well I'd say a celebration's in order.

Bucks: Celebrations should wait, we're still in hot water.

Meiers: Bucks's right, get the bags and start stuffing them with as much as you can carry.

Nobody moves.

Meiers: Who has the bags?

Bucks: Wasn't... Alfson bringing them?

Alfson: I... I... didn't bring any bags.

Meiers: Bags, anyone?

Silence.

Meiers: So that's it we don't have any bags?

*Brief silence. **Alfson** coughs.*

Meiers: Bigger.

Bucks: How the bloody hell did we forget the bags?

Meiers: I'm fairly certain you were supposed to bring them, Alfson.

Alfson: I assumed, you as designated team captain, Meiers, would take some initiative and do something yourself for once instead of just bossing us all around.

Meiers: Alfson, now's not the time.

***Alfson** gives a "what the hell do you mean?" shrug.*

Bucks: Okay we forgot the bags, let's weigh up our options.

Alfson: Uhhh... Our jackets, let's use our jackets!

Bucks: Great, that suits me.

***Alfson** and **Bucks** take off their jackets and begin stuffing them with loot. **Meiers** isn't budging.*

Alfson: Uh, Meiers? Some help would be appreciated.

Meiers *says nothing.*

Meiers: Are we sure this is the best way of doing things? I mean jackets aren't the most secure vessel for transportation. Maybe we just use our pockets

Bucks: How exactly are we going to escape with a small fortune in our pockets?

Alfson: Bucks, don't listen to him. Meiers here just has his own head so far up his arse that he refuses to take anyone else's opinions at face value.

Meiers: No, I'm just being critical of a flawed plan.

Alfson: And using our pockets is somehow a better idea?

Meiers: I'd highly encourage you to remember who's in charge.

Alfson: Just because you've ordained yourself "team captain" doesn't make your word final.

Meiers: Hey! *I* was the one to find this job, *I* drew up all the plans, *I* did all of the hard work. So yes, I do in fact deserve to be team captain, and therefore you as *my* subordinate should learn your rightful place and listen to me.

Alfson: Yet you forgot the bags.

Meiers: We've been over this, the bags were your responsibility.

Alfson: No?

Bucks: Now that I think about it, I do vaguely recall you being assigned the role of bag bringer.

Meiers: See?

Alfson: But I still came up with a solution, you're just sitting there being contrarian for the sake of pissing me off.

Meiers: I am not. As I said I am simply being critical of your flawed plan.

Bucks: As much as I'd love to hear you two argue all day, we should probably try and wrap this up as fast as possible.

Meiers: Not until Alfson gives an apology.

Alfson: An apology for what?

Meiers: An apology for-

He is interrupted by the muffled sounds of gunshots.

Meiers: What's that?

Alfson: Is it the police?!

Meiers: (sarcastically) What? Giving a couple of warning shots just to let us know they're coming?

Alfson: Shut up Meiers.

The shots get louder. Yelling is heard offstage.

Meiers: It sounds like they're getting closer.

Bucks: In that case, (hastens storing loot) we better hurry. Whatever's making that noise, I don't want to find out.

Alfson: Good idea. Come on hurry!

Section 3 - Confrontation

Alfson joins **Bucks** in packing up the loot into their jackets. *Meiers* hesitates for a moment before joining in on the packing. After all of their jackets are stuffed, they head to the exit. Gunshots are intensifying the whole time. At the exit they are

*interrupted and knocked over by **Halsund, Marte, Kirsch** and **Coverly**, dragging along a **Hostage**. Both groups scurry in confusion while yelling before both drawing their guns on each other.*

Halsund: What's this then?!

Meiers: Who the hell are you!?

Marte: Should we shoot them Halsund?

Halsund: Not yet, Marte. (To Meiers) I asked first.

Alfson: If you must know, we were-

Meiers: (Interrupting.) Shhh! Do not disclose any information with the enemy!

Alfson: Are they the enemy? Why are they the enemy?

Bucks: Maybe because they're pointing guns at us?

Alfson: Maybe they're only pointing guns at us because we pointed our guns at them?

Coverly: That's a good point actually, why are we pointing guns at each other?

Halsund: Why else would we be pointing guns at someone?

Coverley: Yeah, that's what I'm asking.

Kirsch: I mean, probably to shoot someone that's the whole thing with guns really.

Halsund: Good logical deduction Kirsch, this is why you're my favourite. Take note Coverley, we point guns to shoot people.

Meiers: Not if we shoot you first...

Halsund approaches Meiers to face them off, **Meiers** does the same. **Coverly** and **Alfson** look visibly distressed at the situation. **Bucks** is looking around for a possible route of escape.

Halsund: Ooh, feeling brave eh?

Meiers: Maybe, are you?

Halsund: You betcha.

Kirsch: You get him boss!

Atmosphere tensens. There is an uncomfortably long pause.

Meiers: I'm gonna do it!

Halsund: Do it, I dare you.

Meiers: Just watch me, I'm gonna pull the trigger!

Halsund: Go ahead, you don't have the guts. My lads are right behind me, we outnumber you 4 to 3!

Bucks: I think he's right, maybe this isn't such a good-

***Bucks** is interrupted by the sound of gunshots. **Meiers** has just attempted to shoot **Halsund** which prompted all present to fire their weapons. After the flash of the gunshots, the lights dim to turn off rapidly, before slowly turning back on to reveal some robbers huddling down and covering their heads, most looking confused and worried. They have all just missed their shots completely.*

Bucks: Aah! What's going on? Am I dead?

Alfson: Is anyone dead?

Coverly: Doesn't look like it.

Halsund: Alright alright. (To his crew.) Stop talking to those clowns already. (He pulls his crew to the side.) Did you seriously all just miss all your shots?

Halsund's party murmur "yes" sheepishly amongst themselves. Bucks and Alfson chuckle amongst themselves. Meiers notices and snaps at them.

Meiers: Hey hey! What're you laughing at? You also missed your bloody shots!

Alfson: So did you.

Meiers: That's besides the point, you missed. It's your job to shoot and my job to tell you when to shoot.

Alfson: (sarcastically) Whatever happened to leading by example?

Meiers: Shut up. Ok, time for round two now. (shouting at **Halsund**) Hey you, fancy a round two?!

Halsund: (Looking up) A round two eh!? Alright men, let's let him have it, I tell you those pansies couldn't hit the broad side of a barn.

Meiers: Hey... that was a warning shot! Alright lads line up.

Halsund: Come on you lot.

All stand in firing lines.

Meiers: Go on, take the shot, you haven't the nerve.

Halsund: Haven't the nerve? We'll see about that.

Alfson breaks out of the firing line and stands in between both groups.

Alfson: All right this is stupid, come one just everyone calm down and we can talk about this.

Meiers: Alfson! Get back over here you dimwit!

Alfson: Meiers, please just be reasonable. Listen, we don't even know what's going on here! Who are you?! What are you doing here?!

Kirsch: Pointing guns at you.

Alfson: Just... enough with the guns alright? Let's talk about this. I'll start it off, my name is Alfson..

Meiers: Alfson!

Alfson: We're here because we were robbing the place.

Meiers: Alfson! They could be cops, you idiot!

Alfson: We've gone over this, they're probably not cops.

Halsund: Wait, hang on a second... you're also robbing the place?

Alfson: Yes...

Halsund: Hang on a minute. Bastards are trying to take our loot! Ruddy thieves you lot are!

Alfson: No no no, wait!

Meiers: That's our loot!

Halsund: No, ours!

***Halsund** and **Meiers** raise their guns towards each other's heads. The others follow suit except for **Alfson**.*

Halsund: Give me one good reason not to blow your brains out right now.

Meiers: You'll probably miss again on account of your... um... limp and girly wrists.

Halsund: My wrists are not limp and girly!

Meiers: Really?

Halsund: Right, that's it, you're tickets.

Alfson: Everyone just calm down!

Meiers: Shut up Alfson!

Alfson: Come on can we all just please-

Alfson is interrupted by police sirens and flashing blue and red lights.

Section 4 - Police Arrive

Alfson: What was that?

Police: (offstage) This is the police!

Coverley: I think it's the police.

Meiers: It's the police?

Alfson: It's the police.

Kirsch: (Whispering in **Halsund's** ear) It's the police.

Halsund: It's the police!

Marte: It's the police?!

Police: Come out with your hands in the air, we don't want to hurt you, we just want to talk!

Halsund and Meiers: (Still pointing guns at each other.) Never!

Police: Stop verbally resisting!

Hostage: Please come help! They have me tied up please come!
Help! Please!

Halsund: Oi you! Zip it. Right right. Marte, go check outside for me will you? See what the situation's like!

***Halsund** puts his hand on his face looking slightly worried.*

Marte: Aye boss.

***Marte** runs outside.*

Halsund: (to **Meiers**) Now alright, here's what's gonna happen. Me and my crew are gonna take all this loot and get outta here. Got it?

Meiers: Over my dead body!

*Flashes and gunshots come from where **Marte** runs out. Everybody present winces. **Marte** re enters and takes off his hat, which now has a bullet hole through it. He is visibly shaking and mentally scarred.*

Halsund: Not good?

***Marte** nods meekly.*

Meiers: (Smug) Well that sure complicates your plans.

Halsund: Hey, shut it. Okay here's what's going to happen. We are going to... We are going to sit over here in this corner of the room and think of a plan. (to his crew) Come, sit over here!

His crew follows him to the corner and sits by him.

Halsund: Did I tell you three to put your guns away? I thought not, keep them out.

His crew obliges.

Meiers: (with venom) Fine then, suppose we'll do the same.

He walks over and sits in the opposite corner. His crew follows suit. There is a pause for a while with both groups sitting in silence.

Alfson: (to **Meiers**) So, what're we going to do?

Meiers: Ssh! I'm thinking.

There is more silence.

Police: We are not adverse to negotiations, come out with your hands in the air and we can talk!

Meiers: I'm thinking!

More silence.

Kirsch: So, we're just gonna sit here?

Halsund: Hold your horses, I'm thinking.

There is more silence.

Section 5 - Bathroom Run

Marte: (embarrassed) I... I... need to use the bathroom.

Halsund: Really Marte? We've only been here 20 minutes tops.

Marte: Sorry Halsund, nature calls and all.

Halsund: Alright. Just go in the corner there, we'll look away.

Marte: I don't really want to.

Halsund: Then just hold it in.

Marte: But I can't. I have to go.

Halsund: Either you go in the corner or you hold it in.

Marte: I don't feel comfortable using the bathroom when there's people watching me.

Halsund: Well what do you want me to do about it? We said we won't. Just go in the corner.

Marte: Could I maybe run outside quickly and use the bathroom out there?

Halsund: Are you mad? Do you wanna get shot? Just go in the goddamn corner!

Marte *lets out a sigh.*

Marte: Okay.

*He gets up and moves to the unoccupied corner closest to **Meiers'** crew.*

Meiers: (to **Marte**) What on earth are you doing?

Marte: Using the bathroom, just promise you won't look please?

Meiers: Hey hey no! You are not pissing right near us.

Marte: Oh, all right then.

Marte *walks to the other corner nearer to **Halsund's** crew.*

Halsund: Hey! The other corner.

Marte *walks back to the corner nearest to **Meiers'** crew.*

Marte: (hastily) I'm really, really, really, sorry but I really have to-

Meiers: Oi! What did I just say?

Halsund: Let him do it.

Meiers: I don't think I will!

Halsund: Let him do it!

Meiers: Coming over here, trying to make a mess on our side of the room? (he makes his way over to **Halsund's** corner.) How about we all just piss all over the place shall we?

Halsund: You'd better stop that right now!

Meiers: Make me!

Halsund: Alright! You know what fine, two can play at that game!

*He walks over to **Meiers'** corner and mimics **Meiers'** pose. Both of them fumble with the zippers on their trousers.*

Halsund: Kirsch, a little help here.

***Kirsch** walks over to help **Halsund** with his zipper. **Meiers** notices this.*

Meiers: Hey, what the...?

***Meiers** begins walking towards **Halsund**.*

Meiers: Right, that does it...

***Meiers** jumps at **Halsund** and the two get into a scuffle while the rest of the robbers watch them, enjoying the scene. Eventually **Halsund** gets **Meiers** into a chokehold and **Meiers** begins frantically tapping him to get him to stop. Eventually he is released.*

Meiers: You... you... (He turns round to face his crew) Why didn't you shoot him!

Alfson: You didn't tell us to.

Meiers: He was... ugh! (He turns to **Marte**) Fine, go ahead!

Meiers crosses his arms and begins to sulk. **Marte** slowly walks over to the corner. Everyone is watching him. He looks very uncomfortable. The room is tense.

Marte: Actually I think I'm fine really.

Halsund: Oh come on, we fought tooth and nail for your urination rights, just do it.

Marte: Oh um, alright if you insist.

He prepares himself.

Halsund: Actually yeah let's not have a puddle of urine in the room we'll be stuck in for god knows how long.

Everyone gives a sigh of relief.

Meiers: Good, it appears you have some semblance of a brain.

Marte: I still need to pee.

Bucks: Actually now that you all mention it I also might need to go.

Meiers: Well bugger. We can't just have you both go in the corner, I think I'd puke. Who else needs to go?

*Everyone raises their hands including **Meiers**.*

Meiers: Drat.

Kirsch: Hang on, I got something.

Kirsch pulls a hostage to their feet and gestures towards him smiling. The hostage looks terrified.

Meiers: What... What do you want us to do with him?

Kirsch: We can use him as a bargaining chip!

Everyone makes "aha" noises. The hostage looks relieved.

Meiers: Brilliant, let me handle it.

Meiers grabs the hostage from Kirsch and walks over to the vault exit.

Meiers: Oi! Policemen!

Police: Um, yeah what is it?

Meiers: We'd like to bargain.

There's a silence to indicate the police are muttering amongst themselves deciding what to say.

Police: Great, what's the offer?

Meiers: We'd like to offer a hostage... for safe passage... um...
(softly) to the bathroom...

Police: Sorry, we didn't quite get that, could you repeat yourself?

Meiers: The bathroom, we want to go to the bathroom!

Police: (Multiple voices mutter amongst each other) Bathroom?
What does that mean? Is that code for something? Lemme handle it.

Police: What do you mean?

Meiers: We need to use the bathroom.

Police: You mean you literally need to use the bathroom?

Meiers: (sheepishly) Yes.

Police: Really?

Meiers: Uh huh.

Police: You need the bathroom as in the room you go... uh... to do your business?

Meiers: That's what I said.

Some giggles can be heard coming from the police.

Police: Well alright then, go ahead.

Meiers: Great!

*All of the crooks begin to rush out the door. **Meiers** stops before leaving and looks around at **Alfson**.*

Meiers: Alfson! You stay behind and watch the hostage!

Alfson: Hey! But I need to-

***Meiers** has already left. **Alfson** lets out a sigh.*

Halsund: Coverly, stay behind and make sure he doesn't pull any clever tricks on us.

***Coverly** begrudgingly obliges. Both **Coverly** and **Alfson** are now on their crew's respective corners. Guns are being pointed at each other still.*

Section 6 - The New Piss Kings in Town

***Coverley** arms get tired and he holds his arm up with the other.*

Coverley: I don't think the whole gun pointing thing is entirely necessary. My arms are getting tired, let's give it a rest.

They lower their weapons and stand up and walk towards each other.

Alfson: Finally! Thank god someone is finally making sense here!

Coverley: Christ that's a relief to find a like-minded individual, I swear these idiots are gonna kill us.

Alfson: They've almost shot each other twice. Amateurs! I tell you If Meiers had just listened to me we wouldn't be in this mess in the first place.

Coverley: Your team leader's called Meiers huh?

Alfson: Yup.

Coverley: Meiers... heck even the name sounds annoying dunnit?

Alfson: Very fitting of his personality. On the topic of names, what's yours?

Coverley: Coverley, and you?

Alfson: I'm Alfson, pleasure to properly make your acquaintance.

They shake hands. Slight silence.

Coverley: Say, when do you reckon they'll be back?

Alfson: Not sure.

He checks his watch.

Alfson: They should be done around about now I imagine.

Coverley: They're taking their bloody time I tell you.

Alfson: Yeah that's right. Hang on I mean who do they think they are to make us stay behind while they get to go and take a piss? What gives them the authority to declare themselves piss kings and grant themselves exclusive pissing privileges via royal pissing decree while we the piss peasants have to stay back, clench our legs and watch over the bloody hostage? Bloody exploitation is what it is.

Coverly: What, you want to overthrow the piss monarchy?

Alfson: I want to overthrow the piss monarchy.

Coverley: Let's do it.

They shake hands in a cool and very stylish way.

Coverley: So what's the plan?

Alfson: Hang on let me think.

Coverley: Take your time, piss-comrade.

There is a brief pause.

Alfson: Alright, finished thinking. I have a plan.

Coverley: Let's hear it.

Alfson: So, what I'm thinking is we wait for them to come back. We pull out our guns on them and catch them off guard. Then we cement ourselves as the new team leaders.

Coverley: So we become the piss kings?

Alfson: Essentially, yes. But better, they were piss tyrants, we'll be benevolent piss lords. You got all that? We wait for them to come back.

Coverley: We wait for them to come back. Right.

Alfson: We pull out our guns and catch them off guard.

Coverley: Catch them off guard. Got it.

Alfson: Then we cement ourselves as the new team leaders.

Coverley: Then we cement ourselves as the new team leaders.

Alfson: Or benevolent piss lords I believe we decided upon.

Coverley: Benevolent piss lords, yeah.

Alfson: Wait, shush I think I hear them coming. Get ready.

Section 7 - Coup de Meiers

***Halsund** enters followed by the rest of the crooks.*

Halsund: Right you knuckleheads, we're back. Kirsch, give the hostage to the coppers.

***Kirsch** does this. The **Hostage** looks ecstatic.*

Meiers: Back to your corners everyone!

***Alfson** and **Coverley** draw their weapons and point them at **Meiers** and **Halsund**. **Meiers** and **Halsund** are confused.*

Meiers: What's this then?

Coverley: The piss revolution.

Meiers: Excuse me?

Alfson: You're being replaced, since you two have no idea how to handle a heist, we're taking matters into your own hands.

Meiers: I don't know what you think you're doing but whatever it is, it's really goddamn stupid. Put that gun down Alfson.

Alfson: You two, put your guns on the floor and kick them over to me.

Meiers: And why should we do that?

***Alfson** shoots **Meiers** in the leg.*

Meiers: Aaaah! Aaaaah! Aaaaah! Alfson, you shot me!

Alfson: I know!

Kirsch and **Marte** look at each other before lowering their guns.
Bucks notices this and does the same.

Halsund: (passively) Well alright then, here you go.

Halsund kicks over his gun. **Coverley** picks it up.

Alfson: Great, now you, over to the corner.

Halsund: Next to him?

Alfson: You saw what happened to him, don't try me.

He gestures towards **Meiers**.

Meiers: You won't get away with this!

Alfson kicks **Meiers** in the stomach. After this, he raises his eyebrow at **Halsund**.

Halsund: Fine.

Halsund moves over to the corner.

Alfson: Bucks, (gesturing at **Meiers**) move him over to the corner would you?

Bucks: Right.

He grabs **Meiers** by the underarms and drags him over to the corner.

Meiers: You can't listen to him. Stop it! Put me down!

Bucks: Well...

Alfson gives a disapproving cough.

Bucks: Sorry, my personal safety is paramount here.

He dumps **Meiers** in the corner.

Meiers: Traitor! Fiend!

Alfson: Keep talking and I'll blow a hole right through your noggin.

Meiers shuts up and whimpers to himself more softly. Alfson stands centre stage next to Coverley. They are the top dogs now.

Section 8 - Benevolent Piss Lords Victorious

Alfson: Right, would anyone like to object to the new state of affairs?

There are murmurs of "no" and heads shake.

Alfson: Great, let's get to business. How do we get out of here? Any ideas?

There is silence.

Alfson: Anyone?

There is more silence before Marte meekly raises his hand.

Marte: Umm, I was maybe thinking that perhaps we should just... give up?

There are murmurs of agreement.

Alfson: Nope, that's off the table. We came here to rob a bank and escape and that's what we're doing.

He glances at Meiers.

Alfson: Together this time. Right here's an idea. We mount an offense! A breakout. We shoot our way to the street where we have a van parked. We then hop in and make a speedy get away. Now if that isn't a good idea.

Bucks: And what? Get mown down by police gunfire on the way out?

Kirsch: We've got no chance against the pigs. It's crawling with coppers out there.

Marte: I don't cope well under pressure, and that sounds really stressful.

Alfson: Come on! I mean what alternative do we have?

Marte: Giving up-

Alfson: Is that really an alternative? Life behind bars? You know what prison's like. You've heard. People getting stabbed at night for dealing with the wrong crowd, cops pushing you around. A complete erosion of your freedom. What I'm getting at is you may as well be dead! Heck you'd be better off dead!

*There is a silence where everyone takes in what **Alfson** says.*

Kirsch: I think... I think you may have a point there. Alright let's take our chances.

Marte: I... I... don't know if that's the best idea Kirsch, really I think we'd ought to...

Kirsch: Oh come off it Marte, you're not surviving a minute in prison.

Marte: Hey!... Ugh what am I kidding, you're right.

Coverley: Let's do it, I'm not spending any time in jail. I want to go out with dignity.

*Everyone is now looking at **Bucks** waiting for him to sign on.*

Bucks: Hey hey hey, I am not joining in on this, I mean it's bloody suicide. You idiots can kill yourselves all you want but I am not getting shot today thank you very much!

Alfson: One more gun means we have a better chance at getting out alive. You're joining us.

Bucks: I most certainly am not-!

***Alfson** is not pointing a gun point blank at **Bucks'** sternum.*

***Alfson** raises his eyebrow.*

Bucks: (exasperated and disdainful) Touche, Alfson.

Alfson: Come on, gun out and get yourself ready.

Bucks: Fine, time to go kill ourselves then. Ugh... idiots.

Alfson: All right, come along lads, we're doing this. Line up and we'll get ready to blast ourselves to victory.

Bucks: Or certain death.

Alfson: It's called manifesting, Bucks. Come on.

*They line up by the vault exit with guns out ready to blast their way out guns blazing. **Marte** looks nervous. **Marte, Coverley** and **Alfson** are stony faced. **Bucks** is fed up with it all.*

Alfson: All right, the plan is we blast and blast all the way out, hop in the van we have parked two blocks away and drive our way out. If anyone gets shot down, don't stop and help. Just run and gun. Alright you all ready?

Coverley: As ready as I'll ever be.

Kirsch: Let's do it.

Marte: (gulps) Yeah.

Bucks: Let's just get it over and done with.

Alfson: All right. On the count of three. One... two... three!

They all run out the door.

Alfson: Charge!

There are many gunshots fired. Flashes come from offstage, and finally thuds are heard. There is silence. A hat rolls onto stage before settling.

Section 9 - Smug Bastards

Meiers: Bloody amateurs. What did they bloody well think was going to bloody happen?

Halsund: And that's why you keep the professionals in charge.

Meiers: They wouldn't have bloody well gone and died if we were still in charge I tell you. Although we would've been out of here by now if you bastards didn't come on in here and cock up our plan.

Halsund: Trying to shift the blame onto us now then eh?

Meiers: I'm pinning the blame where it's warranted.

Halsund: Well you know what, screw you too. We'd have gotten out if you sods weren't there to slow us down.

***Meiers** gets up and limps to the corner on the other side of the room.*

Meiers: That's it, I'm moving back to the other corner.

Halsund: Oh go on ahead, run away.

Meiers: I'm not running away, I'm making a tactical relocation away from your whining.

Halsund: You know what? Good, fine go on stay there, I don't want you on this side anyways.

Meiers: Well screw you!

Halsund: Screw you right back!

Meiers: I've got a million more screw yous where that's come from.

Halsund: Alright then, keep it coming!

The curtains begin to close.

Meiers and Halsund: (rhythmically) Screw you! Screw you! Screw you! Screw you!

Halsund: What's your name!?

Meiers: Well uhh... Meiers.

Halsund: Screw you Meiers!

Meiers: Hey! Well uh what's your name?

Halsund: Halsund!

Meiers: Well that's a stupid bloody name, screw you Halsund!

They yell screw yous at each other before walking away, then turning back around and continuing to yell screw yous. Curtains close

THE END